

TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGES

GEOGRAPHIC MESSAGES.
[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.]
MELBOURNE. **THURSDAY.**
Belong (s.) cleared the Heads this morning at
Keighran has offered a reward of \$500, for the
of the parties implicated in the poisoning of

erous invitations to the Mc'ulloch banquet
been issued.
seventeen cows have died of pleuro-pneumonia
in long district.
the Ballarat Steeplechase meeting; Blueokin
backed for the double event.
the Ministerial elections, Cocks (barrister) and
will contest Villiers; and C. E. Jones will
Ballarat. *Examiner*, has noticed from the

of South Bourke, and it is said that Crews is to stand in his place.
Butters, Mayor of Melbourne, is improving, and marriage exercise to-day.
Price nominal.
Four shillings.
Mahoy Campbell and Co. report:—Fat
There is but a moderate supply, and prices
higher. Best bullocks range from £6 to

fat sheep: The market is firmer. Fifty-
and wethers realise 9s. 6d.
City of Adelaide was off the Schenck at

QUEKNSCLIFF.

THURSDAY.
VED.—Aldings (s.), from Adelaide; at 7 p.m.
y of Adelaide (s.), from Sydney.

At 12.40 a.m. Geelong, P. and O. Co.'s
Sydney. The Yarrow, brig, for Newcastle.

ADELAIDE.

THURSDAY.

Register, newspaper, has obtained the contract
reporting and printing the Parliamentary Han-
dbook.

Dahlke, the inventor of the filter by means of
which water is filtered into fresh air.

the water is distilled into urea, is now on the colony. Advantage is to be taken of his, and a number of merchants and squatters are the value of his invention.

Recent news by the Geelong's mail has had the making copper more buoyant.

Visitors have extended their tour to Penola. Rangatira will sail to-morrow.

FOUND DROWNED.—The dead body of a man was found

in the water near Jolly's Wharf, at the foot of the street, yesterday morning, and was removed to a house at the Circular Quay, when it was subsequently identified as being that of a man named Thomas. From some papers that were found on him, it appeared that he had taken his passage to San Francisco, by the *Albatross*, and the greater portion of the passage money was in a ready paid, and inquiring respecting his death was held at the Observer Tavern this morning.

VICTORIA THEATRE.—*Macbeth* is to be produced to-night, with *Lockhart's* music, for the benefit of Mr. Lockhart, who will appear in the principal character, and Miss Lockhart, as Lady Macbeth.

BY TEMPERANCE.—A meeting was held in the Regestral School, Woolloolun, on Tuesday evening, the purpose of advocating the principles of the cause of the Sons of Temperance. Mr. J. Davies, proceeded with the band of No. 2 Division, at the meeting, the band playing several fine airs. The air was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Robinson. The air was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Johnson. Mr. J. G.W.P., went fully into the principles of the and showed its benefits to those who adopted its. Mr. T. Short, P.G.W.P., and the Rev. T. also addressed the meeting. Last evening, Mr. J.

U.W.P., and Grand Officers, with several members various subordinate divisions, proceeded to Woolloopen Woolahra division No. 34, when twenty-one were initiated, and the following officers were for the present quarter:—Bro. Johnson, W.P.; Bro. Daniels, R.S.; Bro. Steel, A.R.S.; Bro. Palmer, R.S.; Bro. Short, treasurer; Bro. Palmer, R.S.; Bro. Walker, C.; Bro. Midwater, A.C.; Bro. Howard, G.S. After which were by the G.W.P., Bro. Palmer, G.A.; Bro. Palmer, R.T. Short, P.G.W.P. A vote of thanks was given to the Grand Officers for their kindness in coming to the division.

ATTACKED BY A COW.—The *Quambyean Age* says:—
On Tuesday morning, attacked by a cow which she
had been used to milking. The beast was known to be
temper, and had been used to milking on this
she charged Mrs. Evans, knocking her down and
attempted to gore her. It was some moments
before the hapless woman could effect an escape; and when
she found herself much bruised, but fortunately
uninjured.

TO-MEN OF GOULBURN. MY DEAR FRIENDS, I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that I have given the following reply from Mr. Parkes to the Editor of the *Advertiser* on the working-men of Goulburn:—"We are at South Creek, May 9th, 1868. Sir,—Since my return to Sydney my engagements have not permitted me to write to the letter addressed to me on behalf of the working-men of Goulburn. I write this from my home on my way—on a Saturday night. As I explained to you on the 10th inst., when you did me the honour of calling on me at South Creek, I could not on the occasion of my late visit to Sydney, owing to my pressing engagements, excuse my absence from Sydney, as business and other engagements demanded my attention. I should

However, if the tradesmen and working-men of a town were to think me indifferent to their wish that I meet them publicly, I have never been a flatterer of men, and I am not aware that in the whole of my public life I have at any time said a word or thing which could be fairly construed into seeking political support as a mere class. I well remember my first election for the city of Sydney, in 1854, I on the hustings that I would not accept my election as representative of the working classes, or of any such, but that I sought to represent the whole of electors. But I have always recognised

part importance of the working-classes of the public, and I hope I have consistently to improve their condition and to their character. Many years ago the words of Sir Peel sank deep into my mind, when that honoured man spoke of the workers of society as that great foundation on which all other edifices are raised. He said the men who win their daily bread with their hands, and the women who win it with their needles. The forces of mind and body which they wield in men placed in circumstances of wealth or in-adequacy to his own privileges if he looks down upon this toiling majority of

community in which he lives. He who justly appreciates the value of every class—the men of property, the men of intellect, and the men of moral strength—will assign an honourable position to the men who build our ships and our navies—who clear away our forests and our railways. No object is dearer to me than the education of the working classes of this country. I want their homes improved to comfort, their children cared for and well instructed; and I see the heads of humble households thoughtful, virtuous, and independent-minded men. Nothing more tends to raise the character of the country or

to be more to its true prosperity. You will therefore be conveying to the working men, on whom you and your friends act, my sincere regret that I cannot meet them in the manner you desire when I shall, and by assuring them that I shall always have a lively interest in their welfare. I am, Sir, your servant, HENRY PARKES. To Mr. G. Martyn."

TO DO WITH BOYS.—The "Man About Town," in the *S. A. Chronicle*, says:—I hear that the socialist members are organizing their forces in prospect of an approaching campaign, but the question of leadership is a knotty one, and cannot be easily decided. Mr. C. J. Carroll is the favorite of the majority, but Mr. A. J. Cook is the favorite of the minority.

that is our question. Cottrell can speak, but he is accompanied by weakness. But his youth, but he is confident in experience. Cottrell can speak, but he is impulsive. Cottrell can speak, but he is inclined to bluntness. "Under which king?" Perhaps as the mighty Pinnis may yet be and he would naturally become the small phalanx. On falling him there is still the "Young Lochinvar" from the Heights of Richard Chaffey Baker, barrister-at-law, whose living manners and remarkable eloquence, especially uttered through the brave old German tongue, took the hearts of the Barossa Twissas. "Richard

himself" as leader of the small minority who so cynetically—"What shall we do with our I hear that the next time this question is asked, S. has got his answer ready, and will boldly reply to our girls." Right, R. E. T. S. What us we do with them?

Nashville correspondent of the *Maryborough* writing on the 7th, reports upon the Gynops :- "Our reefs are still turning out very rich stores. The crushing was splendid. McGhee has tried two every pore-looking quartz, and got a return of five to the ton. I saw some quartz—about half-a-pound

The miners engaged in posting the bottom of the
working with a will, and are sanguine of success.
Heavy undertaking, and I trust will prove a profit-
able one.

A COLONIAL MINISTER.

(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)
POLITICAL life in the Australian colonies is a very vigorous plant, especially in Victoria, until recently by far the most prosperous of the settlements in the great Southern Ocean. There universal suffrage is the main spring of government, and the people find their greatest pleasure in exercising some of the many privileges in connection with this principle, so beautiful in theory, but, in the case of many communities which started with brilliant prospects, so disastrous when applied to the hard realities of life. In that country, visits of representatives to their constituencies are great occasions, as presenting opportunities for the display by the working men, the politicians, of a power denied to them in their earlier days, and whose fascination is irresistible. If the member be going to a small country town, the excitement is intense. Should he happen to have made himself popular, committees are formed as soon as notice is given of his coming, and arrangements are made to receive him with honour, to get as much oratory out of him as possible, to make him feel how completely he has been made a hero by his supporters, and how easily he can, if they so will, be reduced to his former insignificance. If, however, he has, in thinking for himself, been led to incur the electors' displeasure, let him refrain from appearing among them until it becomes indispensable, by his temerity in again essaying to win their sweet votes. For when a representative has become obnoxious, all the machinery which is set in motion for the honour, and misery, of the people's favourite is urged to its highest capabilities for his humiliation. Such being the interest shown in the case of a private member, it may easily be imagined that the little village of Dingley Wood, situated about a hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis, on a comparatively new gold-field, was almost beside itself with delight when it became known that one of the representatives of the district, a Cabinet Minister, was to address the electors of that place, and unfold to them an entirely new policy in reference to waste lands—a question considered of the greatest moment, and which had caused the overthrow of several previous Governments. Happy Dingley Wood! So early in your history to have such an opportunity of showing your importance! A Ministry hovering on the boundary-line between popularity and destruction, coming to you for a first decision on a matter fraught with such danger to themselves! How easy for you now to avenge any slights at the hands of the Government, and any forgetfulness on the part of the approaching suppliant, if your requests, your prayers for small votes for local works, or attentions to your fellow-citizens when they have been in the metropolis! Will you allow the leader of this forlorn hope to return to his camp with the laurels of victory, or is he to be humbled? Let us see.

It is evening, and the terminus of the main line of railway is a scene of bustle and confusion. The northern mail train is about to start. Passengers are numerous, and they receive very little assistance from the officials: those individuals being too dignified to be active—for it is not a Government railway, and how could they be for one moment unmindful of the sanctity that hedges them round about? It is imprudent to put a question to one of them relative to the arrangements of the line, unless you are prepared to be annihilated with a glance, or refreshed with a view of the back of his person as it slowly retreats to a part of the platform less occupied by vulgar folk, inensible of his dignity. Should he, however, be in a bending mood, and deign a reply to your query, it will probably be to the effect that every information is to be found in the time-tables; although, if he knows anything at all, he is aware that such is not the case, and that he is only guiding his victim to increased confusion. But while we have been watching the eccentricities of these servants, or rather scorners of the public, the passengers have taken their seats. We risk everything, therefore, and hurrying on, we find the first invitingly-cosy compartment following. Tickets are examined, and the doors locked. Time is up, but we do not start. What can be wrong? The engine is snorting and blowing off clouds of steam, with its driver and stoker only awaiting the signal to commence the journey. It cannot be in any way incapacitated therefore. The mail-bags we saw safely stowed away some time ago, and there are no passengers on, or as far as we can see, approaching the platform, even if the officials ever attempted to oblige tardy travellers, which they do not. What then can it be? Porters and guards are parading about, but we are too wary to accost them, and sit as patiently as possible for nearly ten minutes, when forth from the refreshment room issues a group of three or four gentlemen in a decidedly merry mood. Now what a change comes over the previously drowsy and self-sufficient officials! They start into life, and, surrounding the late comers, usher them, with much officiousness into an unusually comfortable carriage, the doors of which had been found by the more punctual securely locked. Then the long-expected signal being given, away dashes the train, the guard and driver intent upon making up the lost time. Our companions regard each other with inquiring eyes; and, many questions having been bandied about, we are asked whether we know the persons for whom everybody was kept waiting. Proudly conscious of our superior information—for did we not at once recognise among the offenders the Honourable the Commissioner of —, and his colleague in the representation of Dingley Wood?—we reply, and at once some are satisfied; but others, less sensible of the honour of being in any way brought into contact with such august personages, seem disposed to scowl at the whole affair, and even anon, during the earlier part of the journey, low growls are heard in their vicinity, and our strong conviction is, that if the fate of the Ministry had depended upon those discontented and inappreciative men, it had been then disastrously determined.

However, all unconscious of the varied emotions at work in the breasts of its living burden, the iron horse proceeds on its way, and in due course arrives, shortly before midnight, at its destination, 8—.

Taking our baggage we make for the Trefill, and having supped on homely fare suitable to ill-furnished pockets, are about to ascertain the exact measure of repose obtainable in an hotel much resorted to for nocturnal carouses by the notabilities of the town, when a somewhat large and unquestionably jovial party enters the room. Foremost comes the Commissioner, closely attended by his *fidus Achates*, the aforesaid political partner, who seems, in fact, only to hold his seat for the purpose of dancing attendance, in a manner as peculiarly beneficial to himself as possible, upon the members of the Administration of the day.

The Honourable the Commissioner has evidently been recruiting, and having enlisted some of the most genial spirits in the locality, the mayor (worthy fellow) of course being one of the most prominent—for civic dignitaries in the far-off South strive, as far as possible, to emulate the deeds of their elder brethren in the old country—he means to fittingly celebrate his success. We are seen, and straightway invited to join them at supper. Vainly, we are constrained to fall in, and all adjourn to a retired apartment, where the components of a good meal are quickly forthcoming. Then for several hours, there is a continual buzz of conversation, clattering of knives and forks, and popping of corks, the vintage of the champagne country being almost invariably selected for such celebrations. A few good and many indifferent things are uttered; the latter, as usual, greatly increasing their advantage over the former as the hours roll on and the wine circulates. At last, the guests rise and leave the table, profoundly convinced, at any rate for the moment, that the Cabinet of which their entertainer is a member is the particular one called for by the country, and that he is its main support. But not that he is to be paid these worthless yet proceed. A visit to the bardo to the gorgeous bar, where the barmaid struggles against their weariness to look charming, and to answer the semi-idiotic sallies of those whose notions of enjoyment keep them abroad at such unseasonable hours. Sundry "steadiers" having been imbibed, there is a dispersion of the forces, and the railway travellers, with the judicious assistance of the waiters, seek and ultimately repose upon their beds.

But not long, their muddled condition notwithstanding, to enjoy sleep. The hotel is a coaching-house, and shortly after daybreak waiters commence rousing from their uneasy slumbers those who are bound for the far north. From that time rest is impossible. The tramping up and down stairs is incessant, portmanteaus and boxes are conveyed from top to bottom of the establishment without the slightest regard to noise, and colonial expressions more than sufficient to betray the feelings of the proprietors of the said well-known. Now those remaining in bed catch the well-known "all aboard" of the American coachman, immediately succeeded by the sound of receding wheels, and turning round they again settle themselves on their pillows. The misery, however, is by no means complete, for other coaches have to be dispatched, and the same disturbing influences are experienced again and again, until, almost more wearied than when they retired to their rooms, and mentally resolving never again willingly to endure such a martyrdom, but rather to be contented with a less pretentious hostelry, they issue forth, and after an "eye-opener" at the aforesaid bar, proceed to the breakfast-room. The short fast having been duly broken, the commissioner, and all interested in his movements, among which number we rank, start in various vehicles for Dingley Wood, a drive of some thirty-five miles. Travelling on Victorian roads is generally devoid of interest, except in the way of "spills," which, owing to bad roads and reckless driving, are rather frequent occurrences, public coaches being as unsafe as any other vehicles; and in this it differs from journeying in New South Wales, where bushrangers do all in their power to relieve the monotony of the scenery by practical jokes, the pleasure of which is a matter involving considerable difference of opinion. To be ordered on a cold wintry night to descend from a warm, comfortable coach, to strip, and to stand in nature's garb while your more conventional dress is searched, cannot be considered in the highest degree pleasurable; and yet this is a fair specimen of the treatment travellers experience at the hands of these ruffians, of whom the country, its rulers having shaken off their torpor, is now being steadily cleared. Our drive, therefore, presents no feature of interest beyond our losing the road, and going so many miles astray that we only arrived at Dingley Wood just at the hour fixed by the Minister for the opening of the meeting. Famished, weary, and altogether indisposed for immediate attention to our duties—which readers of these lines have, doubtless, some time since, and with perfect accuracy, set down as those appertaining to reporters—we resolve on sending a message to the great man, apprising him of our misfortune in respect to the road, and our inability, as circumstanced, to do him justice, and asking him to delay his appearance on the platform as long as possible. Pretty cool, no doubt; but it is Victoria, remember, where class distinctions are little regarded, and not England, that we are speaking of. Still we feel that we are availing ourselves of an extraordinary extent of the free-and-easy customs of the country, and sit somewhat anxiously awaiting the result; the more so, as we have taken care to order dinner, and are by no means desirous of being obliged to make a supper of the viands after they are spoiled. We hope for success, knowing that the Minister is fully alive to the importance of having his speech distributed correctly throughout the country by means of the metropolitan journals; and we have it, for our messenger returns with an intimation that the commissioner will wait until we arrive, and that we need not hurry. Heartily enjoying the position, we fall to and dispose of a capital meal. Then, refreshed, we betake ourselves to the meeting.

In a commodious room, the principal chamber in the Mechanics' Institute, between three and four hundred persons of all classes are gathered. There are miners—and theirs is, perhaps, the section of the community most numerously represented—labourers, mechanics, shopkeepers, or, according to colonial parlance, storekeepers, and two or three big-wigs, among whom is the mayor. They are impatient; they have been kept waiting, and like it not. You are a bold man, Mr. Commissioner, thus to bid your constituents defiance! But, poor man, what could he do? He was on the horns of a dilemma. He had either to go on with the meeting at the appointed time, and risk throwing away his speech, intended for the whole country, upon an unimportant village, or to wait for the reporters and keep the people waiting. The latter might be atoned for by promises somewhat more valuable than those made by a private member; but the former mistake could not be repaired. On the eve of a general election, and this speech intended to furnish the Ministerialists with a war-cry, it was all-important that the earliest and fullest publicity should be given to it. Evidently a remonstrance has been sent to the tardy statesman, and there are not wanting signs that the patience of the assemblage is well nigh exhausted. Now, however, there is an end to delay.

On showing himself, the Minister is greeted with cheers and groans; but it would be hard to say which predominates, or whether many of the former are not rather intended by the utterers to evince joy at being relieved from suspense,

than pleasure at finding themselves face to face with their representative. After the usual preliminaries, the real business is commenced. The Commissioner begins with a sketch of the history of the land question, from the first settlement of the colony, and after asserting and quoting statistics to prove that every system devised by previous Governments was a mistake, unfolds his remedy for, as he says, all the evils experienced in the colony. Substantially he proposes to curb the power of the squatter, and to create a class of small tenant farmers. In explaining the manner in which this is to be done, he inveighs bitterly against the squatter, and in this the taste of his hearers; for if there is one class disliked by the masses more than another, that is it. Since the inauguration of responsible government, and manhood suffrage, every stump-orator has applied himself to the denunciation of the grazier, and he increased in bitterness and invented new means of restraining his power, or relaxed in his wordy enormities. Perhaps no such speaker was so popular for a time as a stonemason, who, when a candidate, and a successful one too, for parliamentary honours, announced that if elected, he would pound bluestone by day, and referring to his representative duties in the House, the squatters by night; pledging himself never to rest in the latter operation, until he had driven them across the Murray, a river forming the northern boundary of the colony. But as he gained favour by his opposition to the feeders of sheep and oxen, so he lost it when it appeared that he had been cooling in his fury against them. He, who at one time had but to open his mouth to evoke plaudits, lived to be refused a hearing, and to die almost in destitution. Whether he received valuable consideration for his action, with reference to a land-bill, as was alleged, or whether his explanation was honest, let us not attempt to determine. He was but the result of a system.

With his exposition of the Government land-policy, the speaker seems disposed to end; but the people are not satisfied, for nothing has been said respecting several of their pet theories—notably that of protecting native industry. Pressed with a perfect flood of questions, he is compelled to reply; but whatever his conviction may be, he is far from eloquent upon the subject. He has crammed himself upon one topic, and has talked for nearly two hours upon it, evidently considering he has done enough. He therefore contents himself with remarking that there may be something in the principle of protection; but that he believes the first thing required is, that the land should be occupied to some profit. The electors are displeased with this cur dismissal of a matter held by them to be of such vital interest, and with rather more than a thought of malice, question him as to his negligence with respect to local wants. And now they have him fairly on the hip. He has to acknowledge that he has been unable to give that attention to their requirements he could wish; but he reminds them of the numerous anxieties incumbent upon the political head of an important department, and says that he has, to the extent of his ability, assisted his colleagues in their indefatigable exertions for their benefit. Scarcely having finished this, he is further questioned, allowing him to resume his seat.

A pause of some minutes ensues, and then a resolution, expressive of confidence in the Minister and approval of the land-measure enunciated by him, is moved. Not for some time is it seconded, and then only by one who does not seem able cordially to endorse it. Now begins a stormy discussion, the Government being denounced in no measured terms by some electors for their inactivity, others as warmly upholding them; and there seems much chance of the more immediate object for which they are met being lost sight of. To those accustomed to political meetings, as they were in England until the last few years, it would be astonishing to notice the class of men who speak in Australia on such occasions, and to mark the intelligence displayed by them. The lower orders to a man study politics, and few are in the least unwilling to air their knowledge, bashfulness in public being by no means one of their failings. And they do so well; their diction may not be elegant, but it is tolerably clear, and unquestionably forcible. The deeper principles of political economy they may not thoroughly comprehend; but the more immediate effects of them they can appreciate. Thus they are liable to make much of what appears likely to afford them relief, and to disregard the man who attempts to point out that it is contrary to some law affecting human welfare, and certain to do them more future harm than present good. In fact, their very intelligence is in a great measure their bane; for while insufficient to enable them to govern a country wisely, it is yet enough to permit of their advancing very plausible reasons for the course they will adopt. But while we are thus prosing, the debate has been abruptly terminated, the chairman having taken advantage of the first break to put the motion. A forest of hands at once declares in favour, and the Minister, who has been waiting, but with much anxiety, looks relieved. And now for the address, a shout is called, and again there is a confusing array. Once more the great man is troubled, and he keenly watches the countenance of the chairman who, after a pause, which to the one most interested is of intolerable length, pronounces that the decision of the meeting is against the motion. So then, you have revenged yourselves, O Dingley Woodians! But the voting party is pretty close, and the losing party, not being disposed quietly to receive this ruling, uproar prevails for a while, and order is only restored when the lesser star, the Commissioner's political partner, comes to the front. He is a very different man to his chief; he will take very good care not to offend his constituents if he can help it, for his living depends upon his seat, and so he gives utterance to no very definite opinions; but rather expatiates upon how he has endeavoured to look after their interests in the various departments, and how fully he is prepared to maintain his zeal. He believes in the Ministry, and in a half-apologetic manner, advises the electors to support them. On his sitting down, confidence in him is almost unanimously expressed, those present being gratified with his humility, following as it does upon the comparative independence of the Minister. And now ends in disorder a meeting than which few ever held in the colony have attracted so much attention or caused so much discussion.

But what of the man in whose career the foregoing is an incident? Of moderate attainments and a decidedly poor speaker, how came he to occupy so prominent a position? A member of a firm of solicitors, which furnished one of the chief accomplices in a scheme by which many hardworking people were robbed of their small savings, he found his way into Parliament just after the abolition of the qualification for members of the Lower House; and for some years was remarkable for nothing save associating with very extreme Radicals. Seldom speaking, and never in his brightest displays electrifying the House, he seemed likely to remain as

insignificant as he began. But dame Fortune is as fickle in her moods at the antipodes as elsewhere, spite the generally received notion that everything there is as nearly as possible the opposite of what it is in Europe; and she at last smiled upon him, showing her favour in a very unexpected manner. The Ministry was defeated, and the extreme party was invited to mount the boat seat. Nothing loth were they; but at the very outset a difficulty met them, for all desired the full measure of loaves and fishes falling to the share of a member of the Cabinet, and few were the men among them whose achievements in the political field singled them out as indispensable. In this dilemma a singular expedient was resorted to; the mover of the resolution which had brought about the crisis, and who had previously tasted of the sweets of office, being accepted by all as the Premier; the allotment of the remaining portfolios was left to chance. By the pricking of a card, in a manner known only to those concerned, as strange a collection of nonentities were ushered into seats at the Executive Council table as perhaps were ever got together in any country for such important work as legislation. Our subject was fortunate enough to secure one of the junior posts, and by allowing things to take their course (would that some of the others had done the same!), made many friends and few enemies, his ideas of good fellowship and enjoyment exactly suiting the majority of those with whom he was brought into contact. Not long, however, did this Administration last; the House, at that time of a far higher character than at present, soon awakening to the necessity of restoring the former men to power. For some two years after, our man remained in operation, and very quietly too, no ambitious thoughts disturbing his repose, frequently taken at full length on the luxuriant benches, on which a constituency, proud of having once been represented by a Minister, seemed satisfied to contemplate him. Again, however, the wheel turned round, and again, without any great effort of his own, he found himself in office. Taken, however, with his former chief, only to gratify the party with which he had been identified, he at first obtained only an unimportant position; but, on the death of his colleague, he was promoted to the head of an important department. He never has distressed himself with frequent attendance in the House, and even when present his custom has been, unless some discussion relative to matters for which he was directly responsible was coming on to take rest in his accustomed style. Frequently no slight annoyance has been experienced by his colleagues in consequence of his propensity for sleep. Out of the House, he has been, at times according to report, rather rough in his language; and not long since a leading daily journal devoted an article to his condemnation, asserting that on a special occasion he was intoxicated, and while engaged in public business used language unbecoming a gentleman. This roused the other members of the Government, who, however conscious they may have been of the failings of their coadjutor, felt how undesirable it was that they should be so very prominently brought under the notice of the public. "The audacious and mendacious print must be punished!"—"such a stain cannot rest on us!"—are the expressions attributed to them, and forthwith notice of action for libel is given to the proprietor. Did the journal quake, or humbly retract the offensive statement? No, it did not, but actually, so runs the talk on the subject, sent agents out to collect evidence of the accuracy of its assertions. For many months the matter was the subject of much gossip in all circles, but the case never came on for trial, and eventually it became known that it had been settled, but no public reparation was made by the journal.

Such, then, as far as it goes, is a truthful picture of a Colonial Minister. But are our readers to imagine that he is a fair sample of the rulers of the far-off land in which he resides? Scarcely, for although in some respects but one of many, he is in other points quite unique. Many very commonplace men have, by the action of the principle of manhood suffrage, been thrust into prominent situations for the duties of which they were in no way adapted, but nearly all have exerted themselves to the best of their ability, and in all honesty to administer the affairs of their adopted country. Still, what has occurred may again occur, and the instance we have given must surely be accepted by all intelligent people as a forcible argument against a theory which, however unobjectionable as a theory, can only be successful in practice when the millennium shall have been welcomed on earth.

THE EVILS OF THE RACE COURSE.

(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)

PLUNGERING.

THAT the year ended disastrously for the backers of horses, both private intercourse and public announcement testify; and although the latter is somewhat unscrupulous in its sources of information, and wonderfully indiscriminating in the use it makes of it, its startling revelations have never met with a contradiction. We have no desire to usurp the functions of a guide to the Turf, nor to recur to the thrice-told tale of the "favourite's" defeat upon certain ruinous occasions. We shall be satisfied if we can fix attention upon the fact that the present system of gambling is unworthy of members of an association for the advancement of a generous sport, and having for its object a great national advantage. To talk of the Turf coming to an end in the present aspect of affairs, in the increase in the number of entries, and the undoubted excellence of the highest class of horses, is absurd; but that it will be bodily handed over to the professional gamblers—who must then begin to live upon one another, the gentlemen having nothing more to lose—seems an inevitable result. There are now two parties on the Turf—the layers and the backers; nor does it require a conjuror to say which of the two must eventually give way, if "plunging" continue to be the fashion. Neither the one nor the other have the slightest regard for the improvement of the breed of horses for general purposes, though interest and competition will always prevent any material deterioration in the racehorse.

We have not been indebted to the Turf for extraordinary sallies of wit, or for those appropriate "mots" which emanate more or less from associations of every kind, and of which facility the Stock Exchange is a remarkable instance. We hear, it is true, of a "pony," or a "monkey," but with no more idea of their "unde derivatur" than if an "elephant" stood for a thousand pounds. On one occasion only can we congratulate the framer of Turf-slang, and that is, upon the use of the expression "plunger." It exactly describes the unhesitating embarkation upon a speculation in which he may utterly sink, struggle, half-drown, go down and come up again, or good luck land, a successful diver, considerably refreshed by his amusement. The framers of that expression have been somewhat flattering to the victims of misplaced confidence, for on consult-

ing the original metaphor, the chances of safety or profit are far greater than its antitype. Now, plungers are of various kinds; and, unfortunately, the ruin that is spread by this indiscriminate hardihood is confined to no class or rank of society. If we begin at the lowest round of the ladder, there are hundreds, almost thousands, of shuffling vagabonds, whose first and last plunge was made with the perils of the till; street Arabs, convicts, the sweepings of gaols, to whom the capability of measuring their depth has been denied. Not a town on the continent exists, accessible to diminished means, that will not have enabled them to carry their heads above water to the opposite shore, to die of inanition; not a work-house in the country that has not its worn-out gambler; and scarcely a country that does not point to the transfer of noble properties—the last straw to have a plunger from his fate. These, however, seem to be the ordinary types of gambling and its results; the true plunger, the growth of the last year or two, has more distinctive characteristics than these.

The motives with which the plunger enters upon his game of excitement are various. It must not be supposed that his love of sport, or admiration for himself in his highest inducement; indeed, upon some occasions, it seems hardly to have entered into his mind at all. Ostentatious vanity, a fawning adulation of one's superiors in rank, a ridiculous imitation of fashionable vices, each, according to the position of the plunger, will be more probably the exciting cause. Very few of these young men really love sport for its own sake, and would as soon be elsewhere as watching the generous struggle and fine horsemanship, but for the damaging stake they have on. When betting was more moderate, and it was not a question of "how long payment might be tied off," or "by what means it could be made," there was more opportunity for looking to the interests of the British Turf, and less temptation to stand in the way of its reputation by that laxity of principle with which heavy gambling is always associated.

Is betting essential to the existence or prosperity of the Turf? This question has been answered in the affirmative; to which theory, if we assent, it can only be on certain grounds. These are, that the Turf has already fallen into wrong hands; that it is obliged to be regarded as a pettifogging business of pounds, shillings, and pence, instead of being what it once was, the amusement of gentlemen, and the national sport of Englishmen; and that there are more than two or three gentlemen left who can afford to keep a racehorse to run for the stake. Accepting this humiliating confession, does it follow that "plunging" is an essential to the prosperity of the Turf? That ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and thirty thousand pounds must be risked on one week's racing to improve the breed of horses, or to pay a trainer's bill? The moderate scale of wagering, which is even now indulged in by some of the magnates of the Turf, need not be stigmatised as gambling at all. But when whole estates, with their honourable traditions, name, character and prestige are to be risked on the twisting of a plate, the knowledge of a trainer, or the credit of a jockey, we prefer to preserve our English gentleman, even at the loss of our pre-eminence as the first horse-masters in the world.

It is no unedifying conception to embody the purely-minded, honourable, generous youth, as he first appears on Newmarket Heath, unsuspicious, unsuspected, to watch the gradual decay of that healthful spirit, as it marches *per passum* with the constantly increasing recklessness of your true plunger. How plainly we hear the first simple offers of ingenious boyhood to back something for a "pony"; in how short a time we become familiarised with the stentorian lungs which shout, "Make it a monkey, my lord," and "put it down again if you like; make it even money." In how few weeks he has learnt to close his book on a thousand, regardless that to sum multiplied by ten is more than the whole fortune of his sisters and younger brother, and that the second power of that sum includes the whole of his own worldly possessions. How long, with all he has trembling in the balance, does it take him to get rid of the stainless armour in which he began the fight, for the tarnish, the stains, and the dust with which he begins to be defiled? We do not mean to say that there are not many honourable men upon the Turf who would shrink from an act of dishonesty or wrong in their own persons; but there are very few indeed who are not compelled to shut their eyes and their mouths to the tricks and meanness of their coepts. There is nothing that tends so surely or so quickly to demoralise and to blunt that fine sense of honour which gentlemen boast to have, as self-induced poverty in the midst of temptation.

And it is this gradual demoralisation that is at last supplemented by the fatal plunge. Then the strings are unloosed, and it begins to be a matter of something like indifference whether the plunge be taken within the bathos's depth, or whether he may not be risking total annihilation. The plunger's vocabulary includes some very date terms, expressions for some very awkward transactions; but we hardly know one which carries with it a more unpromising sound than that of "wintering." When gentlemen plunge through the summer and autumn, they too frequently regard as no remote chance the pleasure of wintering upon their creditors of the ring. The check which ready-money payments used to be upon reckless gambling is thus destroyed, and one of the strongest barriers between the plunger and his last shilling is broken down. There was a time when an honest tradesman was sacrificed to the necessities of a debt of honour; but we have grown wiser or juster in our generation, and make them both wait our leisure equally. To a man whose prospect of pay-day is remote, and who, like our friend Micawber, has always a probability of something "turning up" in the meantime, a few thousand pounds on the wrong side of his account can make very little difference. If he pay the ring, he can keep his friends waiting, and use their money for the purchase of some expensive yearlings; or if he pay his friends and let the professionals wait, they can well afford to; and there is always the next year's Derby to fall back upon.

But the end of the plunger draws to a close, and a profitable lesson may perhaps be learnt from the concomitants of his deathbed. The grandest cases strike most awe, but may have less real terror, as they have less sterling retribution. There is the inevitable sale of highly-bred and extravagantly-purchased horses: Mr. Tattersall and his rostrum fill a conspicuous place in the picture. There is the legal dry-dryer, bill-discounter, and money-lender, into whose hands the glorious piles that have been bought by splendid service to a sovereign and a country, are handed over for administration—the association of whose name with that of the delinquent might bring back to earth the ghosts of his indignant ancestors; and there is a name hitherto honoured and adorned by the virtues of pro-

genitors now to be dragged through the mire by unscrupulous greediness, or gibbeted by the indiscriminating zeal of the lowest class of our Press. Happier, perhaps, after all, is the man who having but a few thousands to lose, and no ancestral name or properties to boast of, flits across the stage, recording in his passage the ruin of a mother, a sister, or a friend, divides the waters with one fatal header, and is lost to the world for ever.

If your plunger were at all times a person of retiring habits, the publicity given to his career would be in itself the severest retribution. But he is not so; he approaches the character given by Bacon of the glorious man, "the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idol of parasites, and the slave of his own wants." He should not, therefore, be averse to the notoriety which is given to him. If a man be clever enough, or fool enough, to write a book, he knows well what to expect, and should no more shrink from the astute criticisms of the M—P, than he should allow himself to be elated by the fulsome praise of the S—R; his book is public property. Upon some such principle as this, knowing the characteristics of the plunger, and conceiving that as soon as a man buys a horse and makes a bet he becomes public property, certain of the sporting Press favours the world with a *résumé* of his employments. He not only does he read the amount of money he has betted on this or that event, and with whom; but the shape of his hat, the colour of his necktie, his birth, parentage, and education, all his antecedents, up to the day of that fatal plunge, become food for the gossip of the clubs, and the high tea of his maiden aunts in the country. If he pay his just debts, he is "an honourable, upright man, a credit to the name of Englishman;" and every man who discharges his washerwoman's account weekly may place himself in the same category. If he do not, even the language at the command of these gentlemen is not strong enough to denounce him. The only exception to this sweeping censure of his persons and his career, is when he may be the happy possessor of a title. Then Pomponius Ego suddenly discovers that the exemplary plunger is "the most spirited and best sportsman we have ever had on the Turf—free, open, candid, and liberal to a fault." He is the "plucky" Plangenet, not by any means like poor Tomkins, who, simply a "plunger," but one whom the "public will regret." Tomkins "has been a mistake;" Plangenet is the "prince of plungers." If there were no degradation in store for a man, peasant or peer, beyond this, we think it should be sufficient to deter the world from plunging. There is a certain portion of the sporting Press, whose existence was called forth, and is supported by racing alone, that compromises for its flattery of great vices by knocking down small offenders.

It has been suggested that for this vicious introduction into the Turf system, the Jockey Club was a remedy. We ourselves have been assured that before the spring gambling will be done "for the Turf." We believe that the Jockey Club would check it if it could, and would do all in its power to promote a healthy action on the Turf. But the Jockey Club is, in this case, simply impotent. It may issue what commands it pleases, it may advise what measures it has conceived; but it has no more power to check this spirit of excessive gambling than a policeman fast asleep in the Vauxhall station has power to prevent a woman from taking the fatal plunge on Vauxhall bridge. The Jockey Club is too late. The will has gone ahead of it; and the only power it can exercise is one we strongly recommend—that of example. Let it do that. It is one of those institutions whose moral influence can scarcely be estimated on such a subject, and whose legal influence is of the weakest. What is the Jockey Club to do when its own members are the offenders? What will it do with a spirit of gambling so reckless that, before booking a bet for a few hundreds, the taker of the odds had not even the curiosity to inquire the subject of the transaction? Take an ordinary case, far more conceivable, and let it suggest a remedy:

Smith is a wealthy noodle, of no fashion or position, desirous of emulating the Duke of Gloucester, a much wealthier noodle, himself jealous of the superior claims of the Duke of Devon to bonnet characters. Notoriety is the great thing, and there seems no shorter way to brains of this calibre, than to make a match for "ten thousand a side, owners up," the last half of the Abingdon mile. But the Jockey Club determine that five hundred shall be the maximum for which matches shall be run on Newmarket Heath, or wherever they have rule or authority. What is there to prevent two men from betting the odd nine thousand five hundred between themselves privately, or what is still worse, going to the market for the odds to that extent? None whatever. Nor can any sort of excuse be held out by the Jockey Club for interference under its present constitution. As long as dukes and marquises will bet in tens of thousands, there will always be Smiths and Joneses. Our own advice to the Jockey Club may appear singular, but it must be remembered that that body can only meet the evil, not destroy it, by legislation. Let it encourage the heavy stakes, as owners will gamble, and allow matches to be made for any sum that the most inveterate plunger may desire, fully persuaded that if they do desire it, no jockey club alive can prevent it. It will, at least, have this advantage—that the money will change from the hands of one gentleman to another, that the race will be fair, and that there will be no necessity for the backer to accept seven thousand to ten from professional layers, and which probably will be the case in the event of his having to look for his money in the ring.

This is not an essay on the Turf, but only on one particular phase of it. The propositions most evident are, that heavy gambling is on the increase, and highly detrimental, not only to the interests of sport, but to the individuals, but to the people, especially to the peasantry, and the estimation it ought to be held in by the middle classes; that the example is most pernicious in its effects upon all society, and worse than the ready-money gambling to which legislation has sought to put a stop; that it is not like the duel, where legal remedies stepped in to aid moral influence; and that on that account it behoves the Jockey Club, as a body, to exert its influence to destroy the present combination of the professional elements against the gentleman. It is the definition of "breaking the ring" and that of "degrading the gentleman," the description of a process on the high road to accomplishment; that example is better than precept; and that if a very small portion of the Press have been instrumental in bolstering up vicious excitement by flattery, it behoves the very large majority to expose in its true colours the folly of the "plunger." Let us hope for something from the dearly-bought experience of last year.

TIME TABLES.
AND RICHMOND LINES.

[illegible]

- WEEK-DAYS.									
pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.	pas.
..	2.30
..	2.42
..	3.0
..	4.0
..	4.38	1.16	8.30
..	4.45	7.0	8.45
..	5.13	7.28	9.14
..	5.22	7.39	9.23
..	3.44	6.10	7.45
..	4.0	6.25	8.0
..	4.38	6.40	8.10
..	4.31	6.50	8.31
..	5.3	7.25	9.0
..	1.45
..	4.35	6.50	8.35
..	4.48	7.12	8.67
..	5.10	7.25	9.0
..	5.22	8.30	9.40
..	3.0
..	3.4	5.32	8.32	9.32
..	3.6	5.36	8.34	9.37
..	3.13	8.43	9.46
..	3.22	5.6	8.50	9.44
2.0	3.26	4.0	5.0	6.4	7.37	8.54	..	9.0	..
2.10	3.38	4.10	5.10	6.14	7.37	9.3	..	9.6	..
2.16	3.41	4.15	5.15	6.19	7.42	9.7	..	10.16	..
2.35	3.47	4.35	5.35	6.30	7.52	9.16	10.16

LINES.												
INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.												
DAYS.												Week Total
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13			1		
per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	per.	
3.0	3.0	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.0	10.0	11.30	9.0				
3.6	3.6	4.38	5.38	6.38	7.6	10.6	11.40	9.6				
2.10	3.10	4.40	5.40	6.40	7.10	10.13	11.45	9.13				
2.16	3.16	4.46	5.46	6.46	7.16	10.20	11.53	9.16				
2.23	3.23	4.52	5.53	6.53	7.23	10.27	12.0	9.21				
2.27	..	4.55	5.57	6.57	..	10.33	12.0	9.25				

[illegible]

Trains passing Hartsen Creek will stop by signal only.
Trains to and from Sutton Forest will stop at Bu-
Platform, Natal, to set down and pick up passengers
required.
Trains to and from Mount Victoria will stop to set d-
and pick up passengers, if required, at platforms e-
erected at Buu Plains, Wacoona, Springwood, Buu's,
Mountain, Weatherboard, and Blackheath.

STATIONS.		Passengers.		Goods.		Sund. Passen.	
Trains leave.		am.	pm.	pm.	am.	pm.	am.
Singlen 7	16 11 30	10	2 50	7 16			
Brengton 7	50 12 6 3	43	3 48	7 50			
Lochlarv 8	12 13 27	6	4 30	8 12			
Wolcumli Road 8	25 13 37	34	4 40	8 25			
West Matland Arr.	30 13 42	25	4 48	8 30			

West Midlands	Dep	8	35	12	47	4	30	8	8	30
East Midlands	Arr	8	43	12	57	4	40	5	16	8
East Midlands	Dep	8	50	1	2	44	40	5	25	8
Exeter		9	13	1	25	8	8	5	06	9
Weymouth		9	30	1	43	5	25	8	25	9
Honeychurch Point		9	43	1	06	8	38	6	45	9
Newcastle		9	48	2	0	43	6	50	9	48

BRANCH.

GOODS AND SUNRAY TRAINS

Trains leave—		Goose.		Sunday Train	
		am.	pm.	am.	pm.
Marpeth	11 10	5 8	8 35	4 5
West Matfield	11 25	5 18	18 58	4 54
West Matfield	Arr.	11 42	5 25	4	30
West Matfield		6 5	8 35	4 5
West Matfield	11 30	5 28	18 58	4 54
Marpeth	Arr.	11 40	5 30	2 5	0 30

*et down if required: —Falkner, Bedford, Allendale
 stop at Wollaton Road by signal only.

MR. S. WOOLLEN will sell by auction
his Horse Repository, Pitt-street, oppo-
site Tattersall's Club, at 11 o'clock, THIS DAY,
Cart, saddle, buggy, carriage horses,
Drays, spring-carts, buggies, gigs, harness, &c.
A waggon and harness, warranted to carry a gun.

Horses from Maneroo.

At the Camperdown Sale Yards, on MONDAY
TUESDAY next, the 18th and 19th instant, at half
past 2 o'clock.

THOMAS DAWSON is instructed by
Clifford, Esq., of Maneroo, to sell by auc-
tion above,
100 head broken and unbroken well-conditioned

C. M. PITT has received instructions from Messrs. Eaton to sell by auction, MONDAY next, the 18th instant, at his Yards, at Fergar's, at 11 o'clock,
200 head of prime fat cattle, in lots.
The attention of the trade is particularly requested this sale, as they have been carefully selected, and are

G. M. PITT has received instructions from R. C. McMaster, Esq., to sell by auction on MONDAY next, the 18th instant, at his Yard, Pall Mall, at 11 o'clock,
1400 really prime weighty wethers, in lots.

Camperdown Yards.

SULLIVAN and **TINDALE** have received instructions from **C. Single, Esq.**, to sell at auction, at Camperdown, on **MONDAY and TUESDAY** next, 18th and 19th May.

100 head of broken and unbroken upstanding colts, a few fillies, in good condition, and adapted for kinds of harness purposes.

Butchers. Butchers. Butchers.

MR. W. FULLAGAR has received instructions from W. F. Buchanan, Esq., to sell at his Yards, Western Road, on MONDAY, the 11th May, at 11 o'clock,
150 head of fat cattle, in lots to suit purchasers.

JOHNS B. LAVERACK will sell by auction THIS DAY, at Railway, at 10 o'clock—

straw, &c. At Black Swan Yards, at 11 o'clock, poultry, &c.
pigs, calves, &c.

Fat Sheep. Fat Sheep.

JOHN B. LAVERACK will sell by auction
THIS DAY, at Black Swan Yards, at
o'clock,
60 carcases mutton
2 ditto pork.

At 2 o'clock,
100 sat cheap, in lots to suit purchasers.

erale

which will appear in Monday's HERALD.
Terms cash, and all must be cleared off on Monday.

14 ditto beef. Terms at sale.

Full particulars will be published in a few days,

Lithographs may be obtained at the Town Hall, or Pitt-street.

SYDNEY SECOND CIRCUIT (WESLEYAN),
RAILWAY EXCURSION to Douglas Park, on
MONDAY, 25th May.

AFANCY DRESS BALL, in aid of the funds of the
Female School of Industry, will be held in the
Royal Exchange Rooms, on TUESDAY, the 2nd of June
next.

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case, 2s 2d per gallon. Best full-weight Nava Stearins
Sperma, by single box, 11s 6d per lb.; 1s by single lb.
C. KIDMAN, South Head Road, Paddington, Haymarket,
Woolloomooloo, and Lower George-street.

WANTED, early, superior Barmaid, for Queensland; young Nurse, for country. Registry, 8, Bridge-st.

WANTED, a professional second COOK. Apply Café Francaise, 283, George-street.

WANTED, NEEDLEWORK, by the day or week, or SITUATION, as Nurse. A. W., HERALD Office.

TWO LET. HOUSE, with large yard, in Pitt-street, near Liverpool-street. C. Yeend, Market-street West.

TWO LET, HERMITAGE COTTAGE, Snail's Bay, Balmain; water frontage. C. Yeend, Market-street W.

TWO LET. STORE, with office attached, in Sussex-st., near King-street. C. Yeend, Market-street West.

DEATHS, BIRTHS, AND MARRIAGES, &c. each insertion, **3d.**—Advertisers in the country can remit payment by **Money Order or Postage Stamps.**

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